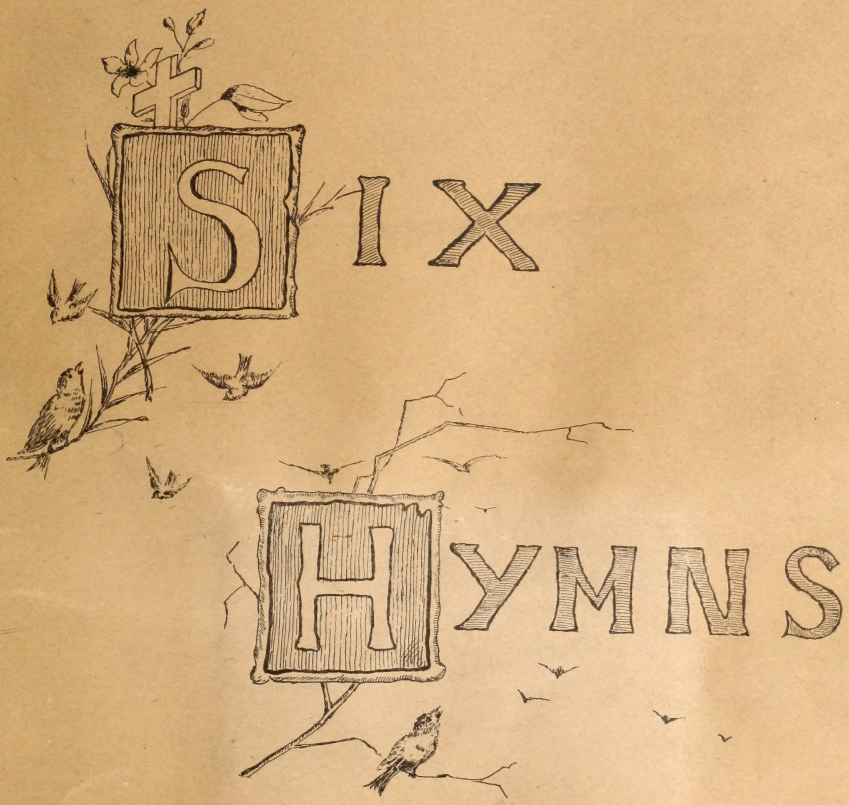

George Edward Martin

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Publishers **Printers** **Stationers**

A COMPETENT CORPS OF ILLUMINATORS AND WATER COLOR ARTISTS

Lowell, Mass. March 15, 1905.

Dr. Louis Benson, Editor,

Presbyterian Publishing House,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

We are taking the liberty of sending to you two Illuminated Cards and a copy of "Six Hymns".

These are the productions of Rev George E. Martin D. D. who suggests that you may be interested.

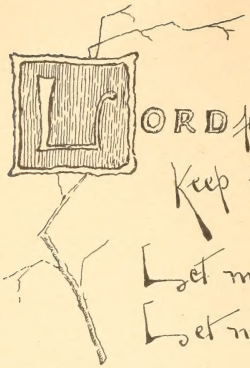
We have also sent them to Mr. Scribner as he may possibly find a market for them.

Yours truly,

Massachusetts Publishing Company.

R.W.T.-M.

By R. W. Thomson



LORD for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey,
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

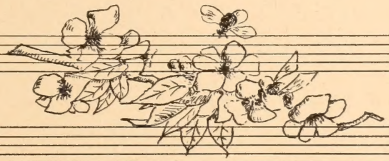
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

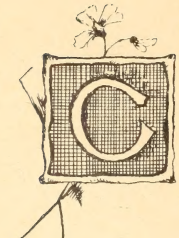
Samuel Wilberforce

Just For To-Day.

Adapted by George Edward Martin
from a theme
by
Frank H. Atkinson Jr.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to-day.





Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor or sorrow?
Look to your looms again,
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master;
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow,
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it
At work with the Master:
He stands at your loom,
Room for Him—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him—room!

Mary A. Lathbury

The Song of the Loom.

George Edward Martin.

Children of yesterday, Heirs of to-morrow,

What are you weaving, Labor or Sorrow?

f accel.

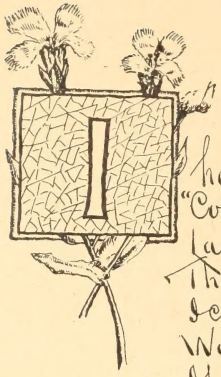
Look to your looms again, Faster and faster

Fly the great shuttles pre- pared by the master.

ff

Life's at the loom. Room for it, room!

Life's in the loom.



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

George Edward Martin.

I heard the voice of Jesus say - Come un - to me and

rest: Lay down thou weary one, lay down thy head upon my

breast I came to Jesus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and

sad. I found in Him a resting place, And He hath made me

glad. and He hath made me

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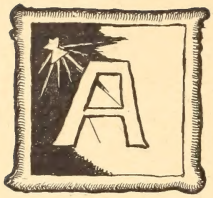


bide with me! Fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens-Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

L.G.T.

Abide With Me.

George Edward Martin.

A- bide with me! Fast falls the even

tide. The darkness deepens. Lord, with me a-

bide! When oth- er helpers fail and comforts

flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with

In life, in death, oh Lord, abide with

me! a men.

me.

JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.
When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.
Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand,
Make me fit to meet Thee,
In that happy land.

Jesus, Tender Saviour.

George Edward Martin.

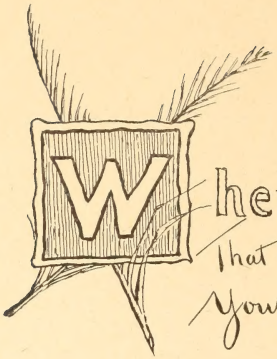
Jesus, Tender Saviour, Hast thou died for me,

Make me very thankful In my heart to Thee.

When the sad sad story Of Thy griefs I read,

Make me very sorry For my sins in-deed.

For my sins in-deed



When we go home, think you 'tis true
That we shall know as once we knew—
You speak with me and I with you—
When we go home?

When we go home I hope to see
A little face look straight at me,
Unchanged from what it used to be,
When we go home.

When we go home 'twill be to hear
A darling voice, so low and clear
Our hearts were thrilled to think it near,
When we go home.

When we go home, it must be so,
From out the shades of long-ago
Will come the friends we lost below—
When we go home.

J. L. Scott.

When we go Home

George Edward Martin.

When we go home, think you 'tis true that we shall know, as once we knew you speak with me and I with you When we, when we go home?

With a pastoral arrangement for Ethelbert Nevin.